10

THE WHITE MAN'S BROTHER

BY

R. A. THEODORA BLISS

To.-

Bolton Hall,
with
Author's compliments

74 Madison
N.Y. City

R. A. THEODORA BLISS.

THE WHITE MAN'S BROTHER

BY

R. A. THEODORA BLISS

AUTHOR OF

"LABOR'S DAUGHTER" AND "A PICTURE WITH ITS LIGHTS AND SHADOWS SEEN BY A CHILD BLOOMING TO WOMANHOOD"

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY R. A. THEODORA BLISS.

BOSTON

ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL PRESS

1899

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL BOSTON, MASS.

10

A man is either great or small:
By what he does for others.

THE WHITE MAN'S BROTHER.

Within the calm that sleeps beyond
the azure skies
Dwells some brother's soul to-day.
Bayonet-slain — blotting man's paged column with crimson
bought with gold.
Slain is the inhabitant of the jungle denizen
Who, by tyrant rule oppressed, appealed in agony
of distress
To his white brother — saying with Mother's tears —
" These tropical islands are our home,
Our Mother's milk nourished our every quavering fiber
To protect this shelter with our lives —
And when just reason dawned upon us — seeing
Our helpless state — we plead for your sympathy
white brother —
Imploring you to aid — in freeing us
from tryant rule, —
To rule ourselves, in this our home! "
" Barbarous rules are out of date to-day " —
So the Councillors of the Great Land of the Free declared —
Then agreed to give help to the helpless — as God decreed.
Decked in brilliant uniforms — forward, with zeal —
The great American army went to fight
A war in humanity's behalf —
Till the inherent thirst for blood inflated
The senses — heated the flesh and its greed for gain —
And then the craving power for conquest came,
Spurred on by war-whoops of frantic Journals' cry,
Aided by the rattle of artillery and booming
of the cannon, —
rfect - ~~Polish~~ing, in masterly fashion, the great art of target shooting —
Frenzing the brain up to the full.
Oh, the moaning and the groaning of the slain —
'Twas but a jot to history added —
Two foes, all equipped for battle —
Right and Might —
A conflict had.

scream

The ~~crow~~ing of our eagle o'er the stars and stripes,
May drown the victim's sob — but never the voice of God! —
Which is an ever-present subdued undertone, — whispering
"Rule your brother with love — hold communion
with your fellow-man —
Nor by artful use of powder blast him from the
earth!"
This makes not our nation's solidarity!
When the great political pot was full —
it over-boiled —
Careful guarding of the eagle eye could not
Cover the contents then — nor could outsiders hinder
From getting a bite of political gain, —
But man's conscience woke forsooth — disclosing Justice
made right! not might —
And then recognized the Filipinos' pleas? —
Nay, rather white brother's might to force them to
Submission, with powder and sword in shame!
And as the ~~fragments~~ of the over-boiling pot revealed
seething
the contents — disclosed death's shadows —
The clear bright dawn was approaching —
Casting its unselfish rays in gold and silver
lights o'er the silent
Battlefield strewn in heaps — the quiet — the slain — the dead,
Whose spirits were calmly ascending in vapors
to eternity —
Linking soul to soul in an endless chain.
When the white brother's conscience awakens
Thro' mystic sounds of trumpeters! —
Seething through his being — guilt-stained
by human blood —
Then he sees his brother slain —
And in silent agony he cries —
My God! My God! 'twas but the greed of might
I followed, —
Nor man's nor God's law obeyed,
And I have killed my brother! —
Then into unconsciousness he sunk, — for the
thirst of blood had died away.
Peace — Peace to all mankind!

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
This project was made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

https://archive.org/details/whitemansbrother00bliss

ADELPHIA
SEP 30